HIALITZA

Thorp High School

1922

Autographs

Foreword

To the faculty of the Thorp High School, we dedicate the first volume of the Hialitza with the hope that in so doing it may in a small degree express our sincere thanks and appreciation for all they have done for us and the kindly interest they have shown on all occasions.

HIALITZA

VOLUME I—MAY 1922

Published by

The Associated Students of the Thorp High School

Thorp, Washington

Dedication

In introducing to you the first edition of the Hialitza, it has been the aim and ambition of the High School to make it a success and one that will be always remembered. In the years to come we hope that it will prove valuable to the students of 1922 *and that the students of each succeeding year will endeavor to publish another volume of the Hialitza.*

Louis Gaiser, B. S.
Whitman College
Science Mathmatics.
Athletic Work.
Athletic Coach.

Fern Burns Newman, A. B.
U. of W.
English, Foreign Language.

Mary Zabel
U. of W.
Home Economics.
Typewriting.

A L. Giberson, A. B.
U. of W.
History Science.
Manual Training.

The Name of Our Annual

When an Indian traveling through a mountainous country reaches the top of a mountain he unconsciously stretches forth his hand and says Hialitza which when translated means a panoramic view or great sight. This name stands for the great outdoors and that which lies beyond in the distance. So this word is symbolic of the Seniors who now look back over their four years in High School as in a panoramic view and into the future years they see only a haze in the distance. Thus upon reading this publication one looks upon a panoramic view of the Students and Student Activities of Thorp High School.

Appreciation to the Patrons of the Thorp School

We, the students of Thorp High School, extend our hearty thanks and appreciations to the business men of Thorp who have so willingly given us their help in the publishing of the Annual for the High School.

To Mr. Bruton, who gave us the name of our Annual, we wish to thank. Many thanks are also due the other patrons in the community who have supported the school in all athletic and social activities throughout the school year.

HIALITZA STAFF

Editor-in-Chief..... Dorothy Smith
Assistant Editor..... Loyal Burns
Faculty Advisor..... Mr. Gaiser

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager..... Roy Stevenson
Advertising Manager..... Bruce Schwarck

EDITORIAL STAFF

Literary..... Asal Hatfield
Society..... Pansy Osborn
Jokes..... Jack Snyder
Athletics..... Cecil Hunter

Class Colors

Baby Pink and Baby Blue

Class Motto

"Only Commencement"

Class Officers

President.....Dorothy Smith
Secretary and Treasurer.....Esther Newman
Class Advisor.....Louis Gaiser

Esther Newman

Scientific Course.
Class President '21.
Vice-President Student Body '21.
Class Secretary '22.
Secretary of Student Body '22.
"Lost a chaperon," '20.
"Engaged by Wednesday," '21.
"The Winning Widow," '22.
Senior Class Play '22.

"There was a young maiden named Esther
Whose knight was a Lester de Pester
His shield she did wear
It with jewels did glare
Which showed that he did not detest her."

Loyal Burns

Scientific Course.
President Student Body '21.
President Student Body '22.
Editor Hialitza '22.
Basketball '20, '21, '22.
Football '20, '22, Track '19, '20, '22.

"There was a Senior named Loyal
As a gentleman he was royal
Many hours he did work
No duty he'd shirk
Oh, how this boy did toil."

Dorothy Smith

Scientific Course.
Class Secretary '21.
Secretary Student Body '20.
Class President '22.
Vice-President Student Body '22.
Editor-in-Chief '22.
"Lost a Chaperon," '20.
"Engaged by Wednesday," '22.
"The Winning Widow," '22.
Senior Class play '22

"Dorothy the gay little lass
Toils much in studies to pass
As editor-in-chief
She's come to much grief
This president of the Senior class."

Roy Stevenson

Scientific Course
Basketball '20, '21, '22.
Football '20, '21.
Business Manager '22.
"Lost a Chaperon," '20.
"Engaged by Wednesday," '21.
Senior Class Play '22.

"There was a senior named Roy
Whose face was sweet and coy
His heart full of dope
Sings out 'Wait and Hope'
When girls his plans destroy."

Nellie Roan

Scientific Course.
Entered Thorp High School from Kent, mid-year '19-'20 as a Freshman.
"Lost a Chaperon," '20.
"Engaged by Wednesday," '21.
Class President '21.
"The Winning Widow," '22.

"Nellie whose last name is Roan
Has the Junior Class outgrown,
With the Seniors she shares
All the troubles and cares
Of haughty graduation."

Cecil Hunter

Scientific Course.
President Student Body '20, '21
Captain of Basketball Team '19, '20, '21, '22.
Football '20, '21, '22.
Track '20, '21, '22.
Athletic Manager '22.
Athletic Editor '22.
"Lost a Chaperon," '20.

"We're glad to write of our athlete
Who gladly enters any feat
The discus he spins
Many honors he wins
Whenever he goes to the track meet."

Mildred Smith

English Course.
Class President '20.
"Lost a Chaperon," '20.
"Engaged by Wednesday," '21.
Senior Class play '22.

"A demure and shy little maiden
With brown eyes heavily laden
With snappy expression
That keeps one a guessin'
What Mildred to him will be sayin'."

Dedicated to Our Dear Departed Seniors

Not into the great hereafter, have they gone
But into the wide world, with the laurels they have won;
Each carrying a huge roll, with gay ribbons tied,
To proclaim their knowledge to the world outside.
And of their future I wish to relate,
A wise Junior knows, he has read their fate.
Four girls and three boys, true an uneven number,
Their paths, thru the world are driven asunder
Each one no doubt, to great fame will attain
And in the future, in the HALL OF FAME we'll read each name.

Now Esther, of course, a New Lady-Duff-Gordon will be,
Classed high, in world's fashions for it is she,
Who sets tne style for the great Thorp High
So its plain, what her future will be bye and bye.
And Nellie, the beautiful song-bird of her class,
To New York she will go and there will surpass
All the noted singers of great renown
And, of course, will wear a New Lady-Duff-Gordon gown.
And Dorothy, dear, it is your name
That will startle America with the wonderful fame,
In the great theatrical world you have gained
Also attired in the New Lady-Duff-Gordon gown en train.
And Mildred, our quiet, demure little maid,
This world needs you and the glorious aid
You will render the Heathen in foreign lands,
Where you will go with a loving heart and willing hands.
As I read your fortune, this will be your part,
To teach the gospel to all sad hearts,
The world's greatest reformer is your high aim
And I can see your name in the Hall of Fame.
And boys, oh dear, your style is rough;
I am afraid, you are doomed to deal with rough stuff,
But, I'll cast your fortunes in the Pot
When, I bring them forth I'll see what I've got.
Oh Loyal, come now, it isn't so bad
Assisted by Electricity, going to Mars, with his Dad.
Say, wait for me buddy, that's my aspiration too
I'll be with you next year, if I don't get the flu.
And Cecil the Athlete of the great Thorp High
You will also be renowed in the great bye and bye.
My vision is clear, just hear them cheer,
"What for I wonder," now listen and hear,
Oh, it's Cecil, he's won in that wonderful game
With Oxford against Harvard, hear them shout his name.
Another big score, for our community fair,
No wonder the girls all turn and look, with a stare.
Of course, he'll win ONE of them no doubt,
Then with rice and old shoes, we'll all give a shout.
And Roy, the real student of the class
His career in life's future will soon come to pass.
Charley Chaplin is sick, he has the blues
For Roy, is trying to get into his shoes;
He will make good I know in his chosen career
He's a brave little man with nothing to fear
So buy you a mustache and a cute little hat,
Charley's failing rapidly and you'll be called to the bat.
Your fortunes so sure, I hear them proclaim
Hurry, write his name quick, in the Hall of Fame.
So, now dear Seniors, your fortunes I've told
And each of them are lined with silver and gold.
Make good now, and let you name so shine,
That the Thorp High School Annual will look like a gold mine.

CALVIN PEARSON, '23.

Senior Class History

It was in the fall of '18 that the class of '22 entered Thorp High. Our class wasn't unusually large but we numbered as many and more as either of the other two classes above us, which were all our High School could boast. We were real Freshmen beyond doubt but we soon overcame our natural greenness through our continuous and patient laboring with our studies and at the end of of the year we were real active and respected Freshmen, destined to become the most brilliant and best of all classes—the Seniors of 1922.

The next year opened as bright as the first, and we came back to school happy and full of ambition and determination to make our Sophomore Year a success. Our first social function of the year was the Freshman initiation, which was a decided success, owing to the splendid help given by our class advisor, Miss Lie. All during this year we were the life and pep of the school. And so we passed the happy months as Sophomores and at the end of the school year we were informed that we had become dignified Juniors.

We all entered our Third Year with the feeling of our great importance to the High School. But owing to sickness and other things which happened during this year it wasn't the kind of a year that we had hoped for. Nevertheless, we Juniors had still enough life and pep left from the last year to give several informal dances and other social functions to enliven the lower classes.

Seniors! at last! Our numbers as Seniors are few, owing to the fact that some of our classmates are drifting by the wayside or have moved to a distant town where they are helping in other schools. But regardless of this fact we have proved ourselves capable of doing mighty things. Soon this class will be separated but may we ever remain true to the ideals we have learned in Dear Old Thorp Hi. It is with a feeling of gladness and yet of sorrow, too, that we leave for the next stage of life's work. We are glad to be off to help in greater things, yet sorry to bid farewell to the school of our youth and to a friend so true as the old school has proven itself to be.

And the last word before we leave is to extend our sincere thanks to all the members of the faculty who have guided us thru our difficulties and given willingly and with never-ceasing interest the best they could to help us.

D. S., '22.

Class Colors

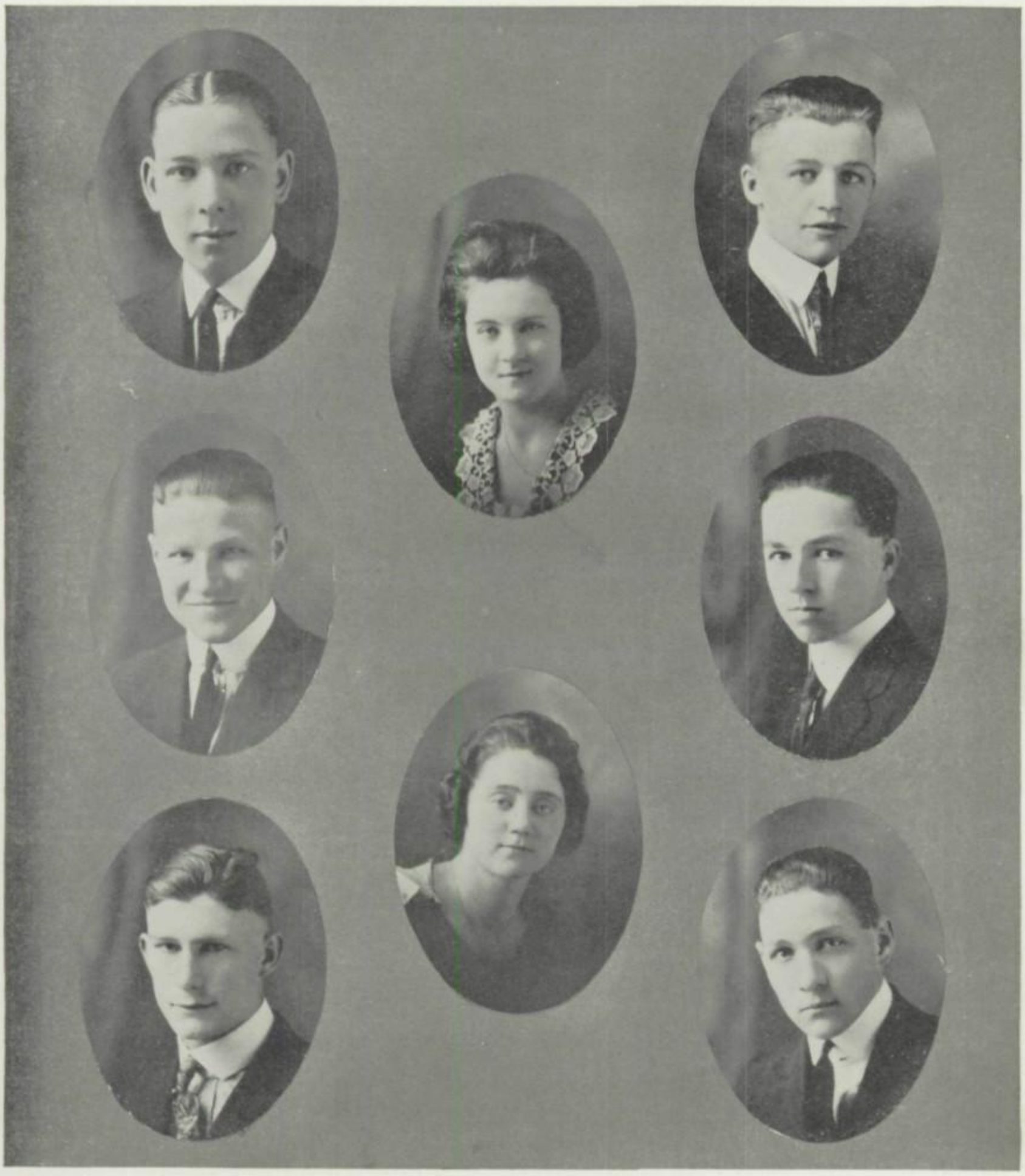
Crimson and Blue

Class Motto

"Row not Drift"

Class Officers

President.....Asal Hatfield
Secretary and Treasurer.....Marshall Goodwin
Class Advisor.....A. L. Giberson



Marshall Goodwin

Asal Hatfield

Raymond Snyder

Etta Yearwood

Ezra Hornibrook

Bruce Schwarck

Calvin Pearson

Jack Snyder

Class of '23—History

In the fall of 1919
We entered T. H. S.
The Sophomores called us Freshies;
There were eight of us, I guess.

There were Etta, Asal and Calvin;
Bruce, Raymond, Marshall and Jack;
Last, but not least, is Ezra,
The four-flusher of the pack.

That fall Miss Nellie Roan came to our class
From a wonderful High School at "Kent,"
"In three years I ll graduate," she did say,
And towards that, her efforts were bent.

The Sophomores gave a party,
The Frosh were invited to come.
They initiated us that night,
I'll say THEY had a heap of fun.

We were Sophomores in 1920,
And the Freshmen we loved to fright;
We initiated them one day,
And I guess it served them right.

They say the world is better, cause?
People's opinions are not the same.
Well, the Sophs of 1920, they had fight a plenty.
They said our class of cats never could be tamed.

Miss Clara Griffith, a quiet little lass,
Joined the Sophs of '20;
And with factions would not clash.
She was the best in studies of any in the class.

We emerged in '21 as Juniors proud and bold.
Our rep. of unruly classmen we were fain to hold.
The Seniors wanted an annual; Juniors took ahold,
And soon they'll have their annual, and their diplomas
stamped with gold.

Now it was that dear old Clara
Was hit with cupid's arrow of gold.
She became tangled in the webs of matrimony,
And she left us for her own household.

Soon we will be Seniors,
The most noble of the school.
We shall mind the teachers,
And keep the golden rule.

Our school days will be ended,
Graduates we shall be at last.
And the dearest memories of our teachers,
Shall be thoughts of our Senior Class.

E. H., '23.

Junior Scope

Name and Appearance	Occupation	Ambition	Nickname
Bruce—Harmless	Talking	To be a missionary	Squawky
Ezra—Cowboy-like	Studying	To be mistaken for Bill Hart	Bill
Calvin—Childish	Keeking quiet	To be heard	Cal
Raymond—Funny	Loafing	To take life easy	Porker
Jack—Flushed	Robbing the cradle	To be an actor	Quimy
Marshall—Sporty	Bluffing	To appear dashing	Sleepy
Asal—Love-sick	Primping	To look sweet	Dutch
Etta—Underfed	Raving	To grow thin	Taffy

Juniors

Juniors, Juniors, we're the gang,
We're the best of the whole she-bang.

We're good on the campus,
We're fine in our seats.

We're high in our studies,
We excel in our feats.

We're handsome, kind-hearted and generous too,
And our class is only in numbers a few,

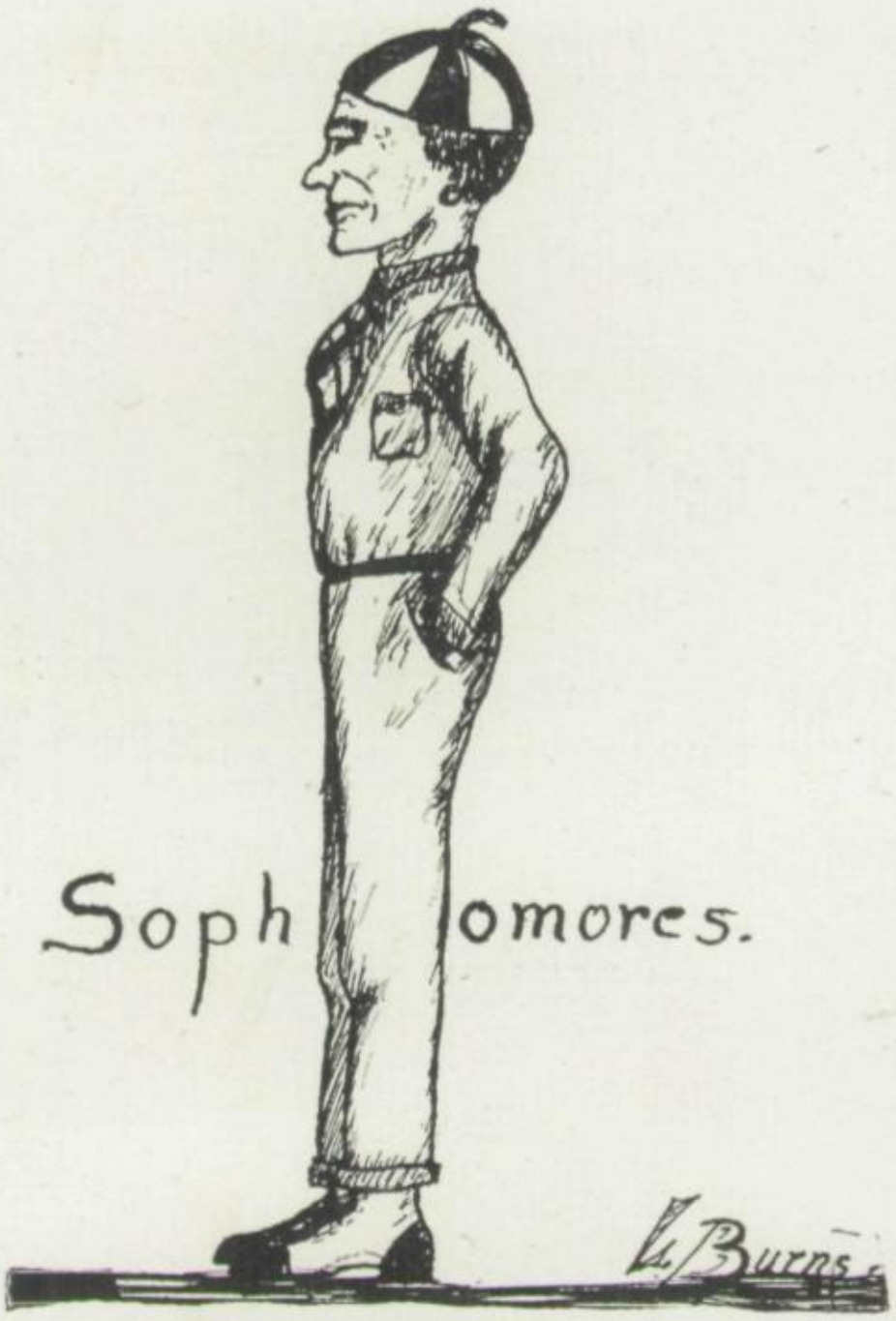
Our motto is "Grab it and get it by gar,"
And in keeping the motto our class is a star.

We're picked on, and trampled and kicked in the dust,
And a second to our motto is, "Hang on or bust."

We're better than Seniors much to our glee,
And are higher than Sophomores and Freshmen you see.

If only endurance and patience will win,
We'll come out on top with a smile and a grin.

BRUCE SCHWARCK AND RAYMOND SNYDER.



Class Colors

Blue and Gold

Class Motto

"Service"

Class Officers

President.....Culver Weiss
Secretary and Treasurer.....Mabel Berry
Class Advisor.....Miss Zabel

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

Lettie Mattox
Floyd Hornibrook
Culver Weiss
Mable Berry
Louis Edes
Stuart Ireland

Sophomore Class History

In September 1920 six freshmen, Lettie Mattox, Mable Berry, Floyd Hornibrook, Louise Edes, Culver Weiss, and Stuart Ireland, entered the Thorp High School prepared for the worst. There, with several other companions, who have since dropped out, they passed thru a little ceremony known as "Initiation of the Freshies," which was looked forward to with dread, passed thru with horror, and looked back upon with joy and sorrow, joy that it was over and sorrow that human beings (?) could be so cruel and cold-blooded. They took up, among other strange things, the mysteries of Algebra, flunking occasionally, but managing to get thru at last and, after a strenuous year, and many arguments with the faculty, examinations came and went, summer passed like a dream, and again the same class, now Sophomores, entered their second year in Thorp High School with more confidence. Here they were made the victims of Geometry and other unthinkable things, but at the present date are very much alive and hope to renew your acquaintance in the future as Juniors.

S. L., '24.

Sophomore Girls

Etta, Mabel and Lettie, three girls,
All of whom you know,
Are the worst to giggle or act foolish
Of any girls in their row.

Mabel is the very worst
She beats them all by half,
She is forever giggling,
I think she cannot laugh.

Especially in Sophomore English
These three are together,
When they find naught else to giggle at
They giggle at the weather.

It seems to be a habit,
They can find these things at will;
Mabel looks at Etta
And they ripple like a rill

Mrs. Newman sympathizes with them
Says she knows just how they feel,
But they go on giggling the same as ever
Twould be a relief if they'd squeal.

And in Sewing Class they are just as bad
That is what Miss Zabel tells me,
They laugh at every thing almost,
No matter what they see.

In closing let me say I'm glad
There are few of us in this school
Who have the giggles as bad as they
Who scorn the Golden Rule.

L. E., '24.

When——?

When tadpoles turn to sharks
    And houses are built without floors,
When skyscrapers are used for parks
    And garages no longer use doors,
When table are made without legs
    And summer rains give place to snows;
When cheesecloth is sold in kegs
    And there are no picture shows;
When autos run without gasoline
    And trolley cars fly in the air;
When oil lamps burn without kerosene
    And tax rates are considered fair;
When the President drawns only $2 a day
    And people no longer eat pickles,
When chickens think it a crime to lay
    And brickbats are turned to icicles,
When the government mints coin nothing but cents
    And the airplane gives place to the mule,
Then perhaps the people will awake
    And build us a New High School.

Class Colors

Orange and Black

Class Officers

President.....Rowland Newman
Vice-President.....Pansy Osborn
Secretary and Treasurer.....Albert Wilcox
Class Advisor.....Mrs. Newman

Class Roll

Lorrine Archer
Mercedes Thomas
Theresa Schmirler
Geneive Turner
Francis Wilson
William Helm
Harvey Stevenson
Maxine Bean
Pansy Osborn
Geneva Turner
Albert Wilcox
William Bradshaw
Harley Burns
Rowland Newman

Freshman Class History

On September 12, 1921, thirteen Freshmen came into the assembly. Of course, as natural, we received a good looking-over from the upper-class members. We were such a tiny bunch that they overlooked us and never once attempted to use the paddle.

We made so good in scholarship that they let us enter the Basketball team, four of the Frosh boys playing.

We have also surprised them by showing a little pep and ability in giving social functions. By now we all feel certain that the Senior Class of '25 will be the best yet.

After having stood the fighting done against us this last year we feel that we are coming out on top more than the average Freshman Class before us has done and we hope that we may endure so during the next three years that are still ahead of us.

M. B.

Senior Class Will

We, the Seniors of 1922, having reached the end of our school life here in Thorp High, do hereby take this opportunity of presenting to the High School students and teachers the following:

To the faculty we leave our sincere thanks and appreciation of their untiring efforts in guiding us through a successful school year.

We leave to Mr. Giberson, our dear principal and superintendent, the right to establish self-government in a place where it is badly needed—presumably Thorp High School.

To Mrs. Newman we give and bequeath all our slang and bad English to be used as examples of the "real stuff" in her future English classes.

To Louis Gaiser, our much admired and respected class advisor, we leave our feeling of good fellowship and our many untold thanks for guiding us safely and wisely along the "straight and narrow path."

We grant Miss Zabel, our modest and quiet little Economics teacher, the serenity of one peaceful sewing class minus the chatter of the Senior girls.

To the Junior Class we leave our pep and all the pleasures connected with Senior studies.

To the Sophomore class we leave the seats in the Junior row—hoping they will make them more attractive than did the Juniors.

For our green but beloved little Freshman boys and girls we leave a book entitled "How to be Selfish and Dignified." We hope this will be duly appreciated and that when they read it they will think of the selfish class of '22.

To Asal we bequeath a powder puff and a mirror to make herself more attractive so she can vamp the Junior boys.

We grant to Raymond the privilege of sitting by the pipes in the winter time.

To Bruce we give and bequeath a box of rubber cement to close his mouth with so we can see what his real features are like.

To Etta we leave a box of paint so she can doll up when she becomes a Senior.

To Calvin we leave a small fraction of our pep so that he can make more of a hit with the Sophomore girls.

To Ezra we leave the right to vamp Miss Zabel.

(Continued on page twenty-two)

Senior Class Will

(Continued from page 21.)

We leave a lemon to Marshall, as it is the only thing that will permit being squeezed by him.

Loyal leaves to Jack a small booklet on "How to be Popular Among the women."

To Truman we give and bequeath all the smiles of one mid-year Freshman girl.

To Nellie and Douglas we leave a perfectly good marriage license so they will be saved that expense when they take the fatal step.

E. N. '22.

Senior Scope

Name and Appearance	Occupation	Ambition	Nickname
Roy—Overfed	Eating	To find a "her"	Stevy
Loyal—Unmolested	Drawing	To be an electrician	Burnsie
Esther—Classy	Primping	A mystery	Skeezix
Nellie—Wistful	Filling her Hope Chest	To seem important	Betty
Cecil—Important	Trying to run things	To be an athletic champion	Hunter
Mildred—Serene	Playing the piano	To travel	Scribbles
Dorothy—Sensible	Lecturing	School teacher	Polly

The Seniors

We are the Seniors brave and bold
Wiser than all the men of old;
Come all you Freshmen green as mold
If of the work you would be told,
And how to avoid the teachers' scold.
We'll fill you full of science bunk
Until you rattle like jingling junk;
For all we can do a skunk's a skunk.
Now to each little Freshie we wish to say
That to sass your elders doesn't pay.
A word to the wise is sufficient;
But in brains we know you're deficient;
So to you all we do advise
That we are here to supervise.

T. L. P. '21.

Self Government

Student Government was instituted at the beginning of the term of 1921 and 1922, for the first time in the history of this school. It is practically an experiment this first year, but, taken as a whole, it has been reasonably successful. It has played quite a part in the Student Body. The Students have better control of themselves and their actions than ever before. They realize that Self-Government *depends upon each individual rather than on the other fellow.* Altho Self-Government has failed in some schools, the students of T. H. S. feel that it has been successful and the majority hope that it will continue in the future years as drawn up by the committee.

All the necessary officers, committees and faculty advisors were elected. The officers of the Student Body were:

Loyal	President
Dorothy Smith	Vice-President
Esther Newman	Secretary
Asal Hatfield	Treasurer
Cecil Hunter	Ass. Athletic Manager
Mr. Gaiser	Athletic Manager
Rowland Newman	Yell King

The Self-Government Committee was composed of officers of the Student Body and faculty advisors who were Mrs. Newman and Miss Zabel . The board of control was the same as the Self-Government committee.

Later on as the student government policy increased in force and popularity it was decided that a new constitution was necessary as the old was not elastic enough for Student Self-Government. This constitution was drawn by a committee purposely selected for the work and the government of the High School was left almost entirely in the hands of the students.

About the middle of the term it was decided that it would be well to draw up a set of rules for the government of the High School. Accordingly the Self-Government committee drew up these rules and presented them to the Student Body for approval or rejection. Most of the rules were wise measures and were adopted. They were very definite in nature and have helped the students very much in maintaining their Self-Government.

The Student Body adopted the following motto:

"BOOST OUR SCHOOL, DON'T KNOCK IT"

Literature

Why I Love America

When anyone speaks of America, especially in foreign lands, the first thoughts that come to mind are: freedom, equality and justice. America is considered an ideal country, a land of liberty. In America all men are free and equal. There are no lords, no counts, no earls in America. Each man is what he makes himself. This is what appeals to the foreigner when he comes to America. These are the ideals that our forefathers fought for and established, that the constitution was written upon, and to which the success of this country is due and these are the first reasons why I love America.

Altho the kingdoms and governments of most foreign countries are no longer tyrannical and oppressive, America is truly a country of freedom, a government of, for, and by the people. The American form and plan of government is far superior and more perfect than those of other countries. It gives greater freedom and greater advantages to the people. It treats all, rich and poor, young and old, men and women, as equally alike, as justly and honorably as possible. Of course no government, no country is perfect, no country ever will be. However, the American government is as just and perfect as any, far exceeding the majority and certainly below none.

America has one of the finest educational systems known. The public school is an American institution and alone is one of the blessings of this country. This and the universities and colleges and the public libraries with other educational departments, together form a most complete and satisfactory system with many advantages over other countries.

The reason that brought the Pilgrims to America was religion, the right to worship as they pleased, to live as they thought right. Now all countries give this right to their people; but this is more true of America than of any other. In America no distinction is made between the various denominations, all are equally alike, free to worship their God as they choose. Surely, America is a land of freedom.

The labor conditions are better in America than in most countries for America is not as thickly populated considering its size as the European countries, and its tremendous factories and industries that lead the world give employment to millions of men. Usually better wages are paid also. A laboring man has better chances in America.

Another thing that fills the American's heart with pride and love is America's great natural beauty. Our great country stretches from sea to sea, from the frozen north to the sunny south, it is cut by two great mountain ranges of scenic beauty, and is dotted with beautiful lakes, ranging in size from tiny gems of sparkling blue to great inland seas. It has countless rivers, large and small, with many waterfalls and cataracts that are marvels of scenic beauty. Its splendid forests, the most mangificent left in the world, cover large areas. Surely, America is a beautiful country.

But these plain statements of America's superior qualities are not the only reasons why I love her. Most of all, America is my home, my native land, the home of my forefathers. If I had been born and lived in England, France, or Germany, I would be loyal to that country and love it, and possibly I might write an essay on "Why I Love England," or France, or even Germany. I love America for the reasons I have given. It is a beautiful country, the land of the free, my native land.

STUART IRELAND, '24.

The Everyday Events of the Town of Thorp

The events of the day at Thorp happen usually at about the same time each day; they consist of the following: At about 9:00 a. m., the older male inhabitants of the aforesaid town may be seen gradually to gather in front of the Barber Shop to enjoy the morning sun and to talk over the topics of the preceding day for a period of about two hours and from here they may be seen slowly making their way to the depot. Here they watch the noon flyer come and depart and study the newcomers, if there happen to be any.

From this post of their every day duty they depart to their various homes to enjoy a quiet lunch with their wives. At the hour of about two o'clock they will be seen to assemble at the store to enjoy the shade afforded by the porch there. With the exception of probably one or two they will be seated on bread boxes those not seated will most likely be playing with the hose (sprinkling the dust for the tourists).

Usually about four o'clock the most of them start for the Post Office where they partake of a dish of ice cream. From here they go to the depot again to watch the evening train come in that always bears their much-treasured paper, The Evening Record. A little later they get their paper at the Post Office and slowly wend their way home. And so this is the end of a perfect day.

The week's events are practically the same with the exception of Sunday when all the men put on their store clothes and go down to the gas stand to watch the tourists go by.

R. S., '23.

Song of Autumn

Sing to me of Autumn's joy,
Of the fair, swift, Indians days,
Of the fairies that painted the leaves, the grasses, the flowers,
All purple and gold and gray.
The birds and insects and butterflies soaring skyward,
The low-lying vapor, the gray-blue haze and smoke,
Awafted away to the southward;
Of orchards heavy with fruit,
The apples, crimson, yellow and green,
The purple, the white, the red, of the grapes in the arbor,
Peeping 'midst the dark-green maple-shaped leaves.
Let us be up and away,
For the call has rung clear and wide,
The Frost King will be here,
And our storehouses are unprepared.
Let us be up and away,
The fruit, the corn, and the beans
Must all be put away,
For the winter hordes will be needed.
Sing to me of Autumn's joy,
For only in work are God's creatures joyous.

N. R., '22

Dramatics

The Winning Widow

"The Winning Widow," a two-act comedy given by the Public Speaking Class of the Thorp High School on the evening of Friday, January 3, 1922, was a real success in every way. Enough was realized financially, to improve, somewhat, the appearance of the stage, and also a small sum was left in unspent cash.

Music was furnished before and between acts by Truman Poolton and Douglas Wilson, our Post Graduate students.

The cast of characters was well chosen and all played their parts creditably.

The plot concerned a widow, who is bringing up her two daughters as man-haters and who pretended to be one herself. Each of the girls meets a young man and invites him to come and see her at home, but they must come disguised in some manner. Accordingly the men come, only to be entertained by the widow. One of the suitors discovers in the maid his former sweetheart and cousin who voluntarily disappeared some months before, because her father's fortune reverted to a widow instead of to her.

When all entanglements are cleared away, it is found that the widow has received this money, half of which she promptly gives to the maid. The maid marries her cousin and the other young man marries the widow and the girls are left to find other men friends.

The cast of characters was as follows:

The Widow—Mrs. Snowden.....Dorothy Smith
The young daughter—Kitty.....Mary Zabel
The older daughter—Margaret.....Nellie Roan
The Maid—Bess Jones.....Esther Newman
Cousin of Bess—Harry Deane.....Truman Poolton
Reginald Wright—Of the Philadelphia Wrights....Douglas Wilson

Society Notes

The Seniors gave a wienie roast on the night of October first, the first event of the season. Cake, sandwiches and coffee were served with wienies.

The Freshmen and Sophomore girls entertained the County Superintendent, Mrs. Dora Lee, the school directors, Mr. Hatfield, Mr. Newman and Mr. Bruton, and the members of the faculty, at a five-thirty dinner on Armistice Day, Nov. 11, '22.

The Senior girls entertained the Yakima Junior Y. M. C. A. basketball team, and the second basketball team of Thorp, at a five-thirty dinner, Feb. 17, 1922.

The Freshmen and Sophomore classes gave Lorrine Archer a surprise party on the eighteenth of November. The evening was spent in playing games after which refreshments, consisting of cake, sandwiches and cocoa, were served.

A heart for every one! So it was on the fourteenth of February when the High School students and the High School faculty gathered for a St. Valentine's party. Each class gave a stunt and the rest of the evening was spent in playing games. Refreshments, which consisted of ice cream, cake and punch were served.

Mrs. MacMillan entertained the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth grades at a taffy pull at the schoolhouse on the evening of October fourteenth. The main features of the evening were taffy-pulling and games. Refreshments were sandwiches, cake and cocoa.

The Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores had a Theatre Party the same evening. They went to Ellensburg in cars. Miss Fern Burns, Miss Mary Zabel and Mr. Louis Gaiser were the chaperones.

When Mrs. Fern Burns Newman came back from her wedding trip to Seattle, the High School Girls and the bride's many friends gave her a shower in the Domestic Science rooms at four-thirty o'clock Tuesday evening, November the eighth. Refreshments were served at five-thirty o'clock to about sixty women and girls.

Athletics

Football

The school year of '21 and 22 started with very bright prospects for athletics. For the first time in a considerable number of years there was to be a coach in the school. Soon after school started, football practice was started with only enough men turning out to make up the eleven. There was no scrimmage practice whatever, therefore the team did not do as well as it could have done.

The first game of the season was played with Cle Elum at Cle Elum. The result of the game was a very disgusted bunch of players and a lopsided score.

Turnouts decreased from then until the game with Roslyn at which time there were only ten men turning out. Having secured the service of a last year's player, the team journeyed to Roslyn and were again defeated.

The next game was between Thorp and Ellensburg at which time the Thorp line-up played the best game of the seasons, the score being 19 to 12 in favor of the blue and white players.

The last game of the season was played on the Thorp field with Cle Elum. This time the upper valley men were held to a 12 to 30 score and the football season was ended.

Basketball

Immediately after the football season closed, basketball practice was started with a turnout of about fifteen players. The prospects for a successful basketball season were more promising than they were for football as the first team was composed of five letter men and there were some very promising subs on the second team.

The first game of the season was played with Roslyn on Roslyn's floor and despite the Thorp line-up being heavier and taller, the final whistle blew and signalled defeat for Thorp. Score 43-14.

On returning to Thorp the local team put in several weeks of very stiff practice and when the Roslyn team came to Thorp we had more confidence of winning. The game started very well for the home team, as they out-played the upper valley players, and at the end of the first half the score was 9 to 12 in Thorp's favor. The Roslyn team came back on the floor at the end of the intermission with blood in their eyes and as a result the play was very rough. Despite the fact that the ball was in Thorp's end of the gym practically all the time there was some very poor shooting done, only one basket being made in the last half, and again the final whistle spelled defeat for Thorp. Score 14-16.

Athletics---Continued

The following week-end the Kittitas team came to Thorp and as a result a good game was played. Fast, clean playing and good sportsmanship was shown by both teams and this time Thorp was more lucky, shutting the Kittitas players out without a score in the last half and the final whistle marked the winning of the first game by the local team. Score 15-22.

The next game of the season was a return game with Kittitas and proved to be the fastest and hardest fought game of the season for the Thorp team. The time whistle blew and when the score was announced it proved to be a tie and the teams played an extra five minutes at the end of which time the Kittitas team was leading by one point, therefore the third defeat of the Thorp team.

The last game of the season was played at Cle Elum and the Thorp team again proved the metal, defeating the miners, 18-24.

Thorp	13	Roslyn	43
Thorp	14	Roslyn	16
Thorp	22	Kittitas	15
Thorp	12	Kittitas	13
Thorp	24	Cle Elum	18
	85		105

Rowland Newman, Ray Snyder, Harley Burns, Coach Louis Gaiser, Louis Edes, Francis Wilson, Culver Weiss, Loyal Burns, Bruce Schwarck, Cecil Hunter, Roy Stevenson, Ezra Hornibrook.

School Calender

SEPTEMBER

Monday 12— School opens with an attendance of over thirty and a whole lot of little green Freshies.
Friday 16— School is dismissed for the County Fair.
Monday 19— Football turnouts. We should have a good team.
Friday 30— Our football team goes to Cle Elum accompanied by most of the High School.

OCTOBER

Saturday 1— The Seniors entertain the rest of the High School with a Wienie roast. Lots of good eats 'neverything.
Friday 7— First Parent-Teachers meeting. The High School girls serve cake and cocoa.
Friday 14— High School movie party with a big feed first at the school house.
Wednesday 19—Vacation!!! Teachers' Institute.
Saturday 22— Football team plays Roslyn at Roslyn. Another defeat. What's matter with our football team?
Monday 24— Back to school again after five days vacation. Our football team goes to Ellensburg. Score 19-12 against us.
Monday 31— Hallowe-en program at school house.

NOVEMBER

Friday 4— Football game here with Cle Elum. Score 30-13 in favor of Cle Elum.
Monday 7— Fern Burns, English teacher takes fatal step. Now Mrs. Jess Newman.
Friday 11— The High School cooking girls serve the faculty, directors, and county superintendent at a five o'clock dinner. Patriotic program in gymnasium.
Tuesday 22— Basketball turnouts start. Prospects look good. Practice game between the first and second teams.
Wednesday 23—At last! Two days vacation for Thanksgiving.
Monday 28— School again. One consolation tho' only three weeks till Christmas.

DECEMBER

Friday 2— Second team plays the Y. M. C. A. at Ellensburg.
Friday 9— Parent-Teachers meeting.
Tuesday 13— School is closed on account of the flood.
Thursday 15— School reopens.
Friday 16— Basketball team goes to Roslyn. The first league game of the season and our first defeat. Score 43-13.
Friday 23— Christmas vacation! What a grand and glorious feeling! High School Christmas tree. Christmas program in the evening. A success.

JANUARY

Monday 2— Hard work starts again with a long stretch ahead of us.
Friday 6— Basketball game here—first and second teams. Thorp vs. Kittitas. Scores: first team 15-22. Second team 46-5.
Friday 20— Another basketball game here and another wallop. Thorp vs. Roslyn. Score 16-14.
Friday 27— Our team goes to Kittitas. Score 12-13 in favor of Kittitas.

—30—

School Calender---Continued

FEBRUARY

Wednesday 1— Ellensburg Y. M. C. A. plays the Second team here. Score 28-9. I wonder whose favor???
Friday 3— The Public Speaking class presents, "The Winning Widow." A roaring success.
Thursday 9— School closed today on account of sickness of two teachers.
Friday 10— The Senior class numerals have mysteriously appeared on the wall in front of the assembly. Those Seniors, they do get ahead of the Juniors every time.
Monday 13— Faculty crippled due to illness.
Tuesday 14— Valentine party in the Domestic Science rooms. All High School affair.
Friday 17— Yakima Y. M. C. A. plays Second team here. Yakima beaten all to smash!! Score 40-13. The Senior girls serve the two teams before the game at a five o'clock lunch.
Monday 20— Faculty still crippled.
Monday 27— Faculty back to normal again. We cease to play.

MARCH

Wednesday 1— Mr. Gaiser is gone. A little cramming, eh?
Monday 6— The old institution welcomed Gaiser back.
Friday 10— Meeting at the school house for High School students and their parents.
Monday 13— Turnouts for Track start.
Tuesday 14— Culver breaks his wrist while high jumping.

APRIL

Tuesday 18— First baseball game at Kittitas. A big victory for Thorp. Score 22-5.
Friday 21— Roslyn plays baseball here. A close game but we win. Score 10-9. High School program at school house.
Friday 28— Baseball game here. Kittitas vs. Thorp. Score 11 to 4.

MAY

Monday 1— Dinner given the Seniors by the school board.
Tuesday 2— Senior Sneak Day!!! We sure put it over on the Juniors this time.
Friday 12— All High School play "Down on the Farm."
Friday 26— Senior play, "Sally Lunn."
Sunday 21— Baccalaureate services.
Wednesday 24—Class Day exercises. Sewing exhibit.
Saturday 27— Commencement exercises.

Hurrah!!! No more school for three months.

What Would Happen, If?

The Seniors behaved as they should.
Mr. Giberson should become angry.
The mirror in the Domestic Science rooms broke.
Dorothy walked home alone.
Mabel had a beau.
Roy acted sensible.
Marshall didn't love the "Ladies."
Nellie and Douglas were separated.
Maxine didn't copy the other girls' coiffures.
Asal lost her "KAIN."

Poetry

I hate to write poetry.
The teacher says, "Do sc
The Freshmen enjoy it
So you must also."

"So return to your seat,
You unfeeling boy,
And before this period slips away,
A poem produce for our Annual gay."

Sadly I enter the classroom,
An unhappy existence is mine.
Oh for a moment of freedom,
Sweet liberty, divine.
I'd tie it to this school and yank
It over the mountains, lakes and plains,
From sea to sea and back again.
I'd show this school by Golly Gee!
How anything gets fresh with me.

I d—What! My gosh, was that the bell!
What fateful hour that clock does tell!
Here comes the Freshman in the room,
Thin and green and full of gloom.
Here come the Juniors, fat and merry.
Here come the Seniors, stern, oh very?
Here come the Sophomores, best of all.
Here comes the teacher from the hall,
She turns my way, down the hall I hear her steps
Gee but everything is solemn.
"Stuart, let me see your poem."
(Surely this is my last day)!!
"Yes, dear teacher, here it be."
Dumfounded she takes it and does see—

"How I love to go to school
Where we learn the golden rule,
Where our teachers kind and true
Help us all the long day thru."

STUART IRELAND, 24.

Two Senior Girls

There are two girls in the Senior class,
As sure as the day comes to pass,
They get out their pencils, papers and pens,
And write on the annual till at their wits' ends.

One of these girls is Editor-in-Chief,
Who is always ready for a crown or wreath,
Editor for the Seniors is the other one, too,
And always anxious and ambitious to do.

They always want things their own way,
And if this is not so they will argue all day,
If some one is needed to pet and humor,
'Twill be a coach and a boy who's a Junior.

M. G. and R. S., '23

Jingles

My brain, I've racked it every day,
To find some poetry that went away,
Now, that I've found it, at last,
I know that it will never pass.

A stands for Asal
    A fair maiden and true,
With lips like the roses
    And eyes like the dew.

B stands for Bruce,
    So tender and fair,
His money he spends
    And doesn't give a care.

C stands for Calvin,
    The runt of his class,
But very modest, we know,
    For he carries a glass.

C is for Cecil,
    Very ruddy and strong,
When Cecil gets mad
    We know something's gone wrong.

D stands for Dorothy,
    So modest and shy,
With eyes black as coals
    And her by-word's Oh My!

E stands for Ezra,
    A gallant young man everyone knows,
With rings on his fingers and bells on his toes
    And he has music wherever he goes.

E is for Etta,
    A very queer girl,
Who never likes the boys
    And wears her hair in a curl.

E stands for Esther,
    Gaiser's little dear,
And when he's gone and left her,
    She looks very drear.

J stands for Jack,
    Who does all things in a hurry,
I think he was intended to be
    A cartoonist instead of having a dairy.

Jingles—Continued

L stands for Loyal,
A true citizen he'll be
But he's not quite old enough
For he plays marbles, you see.

M stands for Mildred,
So bashful and shy,
Who always gets her lessons
Without a single try.

M stands for Marshall,
The society dude of his class,
For he's always polishing his finger nails
And never's allowed to sass.

N stands for Nellie,
So dignified and young;
She'll drive poor Doug crazy,
For all she does is hum.

R is for Roy,
So young and so gay,
He looks better in blue
Than he does in gray.

R stands for Raymond,
The idiot of his bunch,
For he always wiggles and jumps
When anyone gives him a punch.

M. B., '25.

The Juniors Have a Class Meeting

Class meeting today, hark ye, Juniors, here my call!
Oh dear! There's Jack, Ray and Marshall out playing ball.
The prof. and the president are the only ones present,
The first that's said is, "Well, isn't this pleasant?"

Up goes the window and the class president calls,
"Say, you fellows, come up here or——"
With cries of "What for?" these young Juniors bawl,
They come up the stairs stumbling and over each other fall.

The next question is, "Where's the rest of the gang?"
Then Bruce and Ez, come together with a bang.
When they see the president they begin pullin' at each glove
And the president hears Cal say, "First ball, 30 love."

"Well," says the president, "I've got all of you at last,
Now get up stairs and get there fast."
And after much grumbling and debate,
The class meeting begins about 30 minutes late.

C. P., '23.

Frosh

The Freshman class is a whirlwind,
They're loyal to their school, you bet;
They always look up to the Seniors,
And to the Juniors take off their hat.

Now there's Frenchy, a cute little thing,
He'll meet you half way with a smile,
But his glance always rests on a lady
Three seats across the aisle.

There's Mercedes Thomas I think you'll agree
Has a bad case on another Freshy;
Rowland always agrees in a whole-hearted way
To take her for a ride in the old Chevrolet.

Big Bill Bradshaw, so straight and tall,
So far this year has had no fall,
But one day not long ago
Bill wasn't acting just so slow,
The girl ahead said, "It's plain to see
You're trying to flirt, you can't fool me.

Pansy Osborn, as you know,
Along with the rest, she s got a beau.
It was in the days of her Freshman year
She either caught Frenchy or Frenchy caught her.

Billie Helm has pretty light hair
And so far as we know there's something else light up there.
Bill has no girl, he stands alone,
But he is expecting to find one soon.

Genevieve and Geneva it's hard to tell apart,
But they sure do the work when once they get a start,
They're always looking lonely and sad;
Lookie here, Frosh boys, don't you think it's too bad?

Judge Wilcox comes next on our list,
And all the boys know he can swing a wicked fist;
Thru all the dreary school he sits up bold and straight,
And it puzzles all the Seniors as to what will be his fate.

And now we will tell you about Maxine Bean,
Who with an outsider is alsways seen,
But when it comes to Algebra class
She will not take anyone's sass.

Harvey Stevenson is a Freshman this year,
But of the Seniors he has no fear,
He comes to school of his free good will
And uses his knowledge with the utmost skill.

ROWLAND AND HIS SHEEP

Rowland has some sheep and lambs
With fleece as white as snow;
They followed him to Yakima,
And everywhere he'd go.

They won for him the championship,
The silver cup and banner;
So Rowland thinks he's raised his sheep
In quite the proper manner.

Hurrah for Rowland Newman!
Sheep champion of the State;
We're glad he belongs to Thorp High School.
Say, fellers, ain't it great!

M. T., '25.

MANUAL TRAINING

'Tis the tale of a stately Senior
Who to Manual Training does go,
To do the manual labor
As her teacher does willingly show.

Every day she attends this department;
As she seats herself down
She will whisper unto her neighbor
The latest gossip in town.

She then begins work on her foct-stool,
Which is no little task for a maid,
But she keeps on with her sawing and planing,
For in the end she ll be amply repaid.

Perhaps she'd have made a lot of things
If she hadn't got so blue
In helping her sister Senior
To make an old desk like new.

She really is only a beginner,
But her work will at least make a show,
And if she ever will keep trying
Her talent for this work may grow.

D. S., '22.

HISTORY

It's study, study all the time,
I do not think it's right;
We never have an hour for play
From early morn till night.

We ramble down to History class,
And there we hear our doom;
If we don't have our lesson
We have to leave the room.

But if we have it, we're O. K.
And "certainly!" you can stay
To hear the members of the class
Discuss topics of the day.

We talk about our presidents,
And men in politics,
But when we talk of railroads
The class will always mix.

Then to religion we might stray,
Or bad traits in some men,
And there we're always sure to stay
Until the period ends.

But still it's study in our books
And read papers o'er and o'er,
But no, 'tis not nearly enough,
Our teacher calls for more.

E. N. & D. S., '2[illegible].

The Senior Class, much criticized are they,
But when it comes to makin,
The High School Annual
They are workin' night and day.

The Juniors are very jealous
Because they can not rule,
But the Seniors are the only ones
Who try to run the school.

Because it is their last year here,
The Seniors are always tryin'
To do the best for this OLD SCHOOL?
An' they'll try till time of dyin'.

These Juniors will be the same
As they, in another year.
They'll shout and and say, "Cheer up,
You lower classmen, it'll be your time
To boss some other year."

FAREWELL

Farewell to Thorp High School
We have learned to love you well;
With the help of rod and rule
Among the learned we now dwell.
And tho' our teachers may be cruel
We now to all the world will tell,
We love you, Thorp High School.

Farewell to Thorp High School,
We of that honored band;
Go forth into the world
Among the honored ones to stand.
As tho' into the flood we're hurled,
We gained the grit and sand
To cope with each demand
From our own dear Thorp High School.

Farewell to Thorp High School,
You've stood for what is right;
And we have learned what e er we do
To do with all our might.
And never will your colors fade
From out beyond our sight;
The crimson and the black we'll hold
Forever in the light.

T. L. P., '21

OUR LAST SCHOOL DAY

(Dedicated to the stately Seniors)

When I think of our last great school day,
On the eve of our intellectual dawn;
I think of the past, of the schoolmates that
Have been with us here and are gone.
I wonder if any will greet us with a shake,
A pat, and a grin;
With a hearty, "Good for you old fellow,
You stuck to it and you win."

I think of the good-hearted fellows,
That helped with problems, oh yes
When x, y, z, seemed impossible,
And our History of Spanish was a mess.
I often look up and wonder
If we would get along half so well,
If it weren't for the kindness of Mr. Gaiser,
Of Mr. Giberson, Mrs. Newman and Miss Zabel.

But the road that leads down to failure,
Is paved all the way with good deeds.
But on the last school day of '22,
Dear friends, these won't answer your needs,
But the trail to "Knowledge," tho' narrow,
Leads straight to success by and by;
And the professor will give us diplomas.
That shows we're through with Thorp High.

E. H., '23.

Jokes

Jackie was a giant
Who has lived all alone,
But when he saw Miss Pygmie Pat
He copped her for his own.

William is a miller s son,
His pockets full of rye;
Every morn he comes to school
With mill dust in his eye.

Why should we Freshies worry
With Willie at the helm,
He's never in a hurry,
But seeks a flowery realm.

Harley—"I almost had a conversation with Theresa today."
Bruce—"What did she say?"
Harley—"Uh-huh, Hu-huh."

I'll take Thorp High,
The best of schools,
Where Freedom lives
And reason rules.

The business manager, while making a speech at a P. T. A. meeting, spoke thus:

"We shall have the pictures of the Seniors, Juniors, faculty and all other activities in the Annual."

The High School faculty
Are all pretty punk,
They feed us up on poetry
And all kinds of junk.

Jack Snyder, our football star,
He played all season without a scar,
He went through the lines at break-neck speed,
And to tackle him they never did succeed.

There are Freshmen in this school,
And they are wondrous wise,
They jumped into Algebra
And landed up to their eyes.

There is Nellie Roan, so sedate,
What you never want to do
Is start a debate,
For when Nellie gets started
You might as well quit,
Because if you talk back
She'll have a fit.

JOKES—Continued

Harley Burns all dressed up in brown,
You never see his face when it wears a frown.

Gaiser copped a fraternity pin
When he went to school one day,
But he came to Thorp not long ago
And gave the thing away.

Hark! Hark!
The Seniors bark,
The Freshmen are coming to school;
Some will smile
And some will rile
And some will mind the rule.

We have some very bright students
In our large Freshman Class.
Altho there are some who are impudent
The majority aren t given to sass.

One day while in English class our crack German student, William Helm, began "The Vision of Sir Launfal" thus:

"Through many climes without a wail
He spent his life for the Holy Grail."

IMAGINE!!!

Cecil peaceful.
Marshall not manicuring his finger nails.
Jack a minister's son.
Etta not fussed up.
Esther without her pin.
Pansy dancing.
Mabel not giggling.
Lettie shouting.
Genevieve not taken for Geneva.
Mildred a blonde.
Nellie without Douglas.
Roy not kidding the Freshman girls.
Loyal flirting.
Dorothy at school on time.
Bruce with his Spanish lesson.
Mr. Giberson six feet tall.
Miss Zabel with red hair.
Mr. Gaiser with a Freshman girl.
Mrs. Newman with Bobbed hair.

Last night as I lay a-sleeping
A vision came to me,
I dreamed I was a Senior
No bigger than a flea.

F. W., '25.

STYLES

We hear the latest styles for men
Are clothes to match the hair;
We wonder what will happen then
The Proff—will he dare?

Heard in Spanish Class::

"Asal, translate Rio de Janiero."
Reply: "River of—Oh, what it is?

Our school is a great invention,
The teachers get all the fame,
The Student Body gets all the money
And the Students all the blame.

Mr. Gaiser's softest words,
To Esther's ears,
Are words of sweetest strain;
And his husky arms
Around her neck,
To him is a glad refrain.

Bruce, at Orchestra practice: "Say, whose calf is that bawling?"
Truman: "Aw, that's Floyd on the trombone."

THE FRESHMAN

We are the Freshmen, meek and mild,
Who never shall run wild.
The Seniors say that we are green;
Not even worth a "bean."
They imagine they're the whole dern show;
How they strut and puff and blow,
And then they spend our hard-earned dough,
And on themselves the honors do bestow.
But, dear comrades, have no fear,
For we are near
To the end of our Freshman year;
So we'll shed a tear
On our Seniors dear,
And give them a hearty cheer.

T. L. P.

WHEN SCHOOL BEGINS

The school bell rang loud and clear
But not a Freshman did appear,
First came the Sophomores with stately stride,
Next came the Juniors with dignity and pride,
Then came the Seniors, the wise ones, you know,
Followed by the faculty, aged and slow.

ROWLAND'S SHEEP

Who was it that took his sheep to the Fair? Our Rowland.
Who was it that won all the prizes there? Our Rowland.
We all are proud of Rowland's sheep,
They are the very best.
But since we've sung their praises long,
Perhaps they'd like a rest.

Oh we are the know-nothing Freshmen
And exceedingly happy are we.
But if we weren't blamed for every deed done,
'Tis very much happier we'd be.

I wouldn't be an angel, and with angels sing,
I'd rather be a Senior, and never do a thing.

Cost of Annual sure reminds us,
We should guard our hard-earned kale.
Or some day you'll surely find us
Bankrupted in the county jail.

Harley Burns is willing to flirt
With anything that wears a skirt.

There is a young lady, whose last name is Roan,
She went to the grocery store to get an ice cream cone.
But when she got there her purse it was bare,
But Doug paid the nickle, a treat very rare.

Imagine Dorothy getting ready for a show,
Bruce a-waiting at the door.
She dressed so very slow,
She fussed and fussed,
He cussed and cussed,
For he knew they would be late for the show.
But, at last she came,
And soothed his brain,
And off they went to the show.

Geneva is as gentle as a kitten,
She never roams or plays,
But tends quietly to her knitten'
Thru all the live long days.

Oh come where the sun is shining,
And the grass is growing, too,
For here we Freshmen are dining
With the Faculty so good and true.

Alumni Notes

CLASS OF 1913

Adolphe Knoke is married and lives on a farm in Thorp.
Myrtle Hornibrook is teaching school at Othello, Washington.
Etta Ellison, now Mrs. Claire Knoke, lives in Thorp.
Glenn Osborn is married and is teaching school at Washougal, Washington.

CLASS OF 1914

Olive Ellison, now Mrs. John Hanlon, lives on a farm in Thorp.
Lulu Ellison, now Mrs. Glenn Osborn, lives at Washougal, Washington. The marriage of Glenn and Lulu was a culmination of a romance begun in their High School days.

CLASS OF 1915

Marcus Kerns is married and lives in Seattle.

CLASS OF 1916

Arley Harrel is married and lives on a farm in Thorp.
Helen Smith teaches in the Othello school.
Claude Thorpe is a Junior this year at Oregon Agricultural college.
Clement Klingensmith graduated from the University of Washington in 1921. Now in service of the National Forest Service.

CLASS OF 1917

Lucy Yearwood, now Mrs. Donald Banta, lives in St. Anthony, Idaho.

Eat Honey

Mrs. F. H. Bruton

Music Instructor

Piano

Thorp, Washington

GANG OF JOLLY JUNIORS

Their names all in a row
Are Etta, Asal, Bruce and Jack,
The wisest you might know.
Calvin, with his cunning lisp,
Who doesn't give a care.
Ezra, he of Bill Hart fame,
Marshall with a "slicked back hair,
But of this bunch we ne er can forget
In this crazy, giddy rhyme,
He with ponderous step and slow,
Raymond—"Old Father Time."

HOME TOWN STUFF

Raymond—If you fellows studied your History as much as I do, you could answer those questions right off the reel.

Marshall—Did you say you lost your wheel?

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THE CLASSES

The Freshman is the green class,
Their's is an awful doom;
They envy only the Seniors,
Sit and watch them and fume.

The Sophomores are the all-wise,
What do they give for cares;
Their's is a jolly young life,
Never have they gray hairs.

The Juniors are less care-free;
Are they not starting life?
With its sorrows or sadness,
Its gayety or strife.

The Seniors are the stately,
Their's are the cares of state;
They are sober, serious,
For they alone are great.

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